



# THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

The Maine Farmer

Augusta, Saturday, Aug. 20, 1870.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER  
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## COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

The Office of the MAINE FARMER has been removed to Smith's Block, on Water street, opposite Granite Hall Building.

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## Georgia still Out in the Cold.

Something more than five years ago the people of Georgia were in a state of insurrection against the authority of the United States. At the time when the rebels in this and other Southern States laid down their arms, no one would have been bold enough to predict that in 1870 the Representatives of Georgia would still be excluded from the national councils, and her Legislature quarreling over the purport of an act of Congress which interfered with their existing State government, but failed to leave it clear whether or not an election should be held this year in accordance with their constitution for the choice of State officers.

In 1865 Georgia was considered sufficiently a State to vote on the Thirteenth Constitutional amendment, and her vote was officially declared in its favor, together with the vote of several other States in the same position. In 1868, Georgia voted for President, and her vote was counted. In 1870, Secretary Fish, in proclaiming the adoption of the Fifteenth amendment, omits Georgia from the list of States whose votes have secured its ratification, yet curiously enough in a sort of postscript, adds the fact that Georgia had voted in its favor. The panic among the ladies caused by this and similar stories, we presume will not subside, and the jute oligarchy which had begun to be dislodged in numerous instances, and a more sensible style of dress adopted in its place, will now result its supremacy upon the female head, larger and more hideous than before.

In addition to the above, Dr. H. H. Sawyer, of Bangor, communicates to the *Whig* the following information on the subject:

"It is a gross export from the East Indies after being subjected to the process of drying, it enters into the manufacture of the coarse material of wear, such as carpets, mats, &c. It may also fish out of these native elements, and is used ornamental purposes in the East Indies, thrives in the brains of the young ladies in America. A moment's reflection will show the extreme absurdity of the whole matter."

EP We have received from the publishers, O. Dinsen & Co., Boston, a new book of sacred music, entitled "The Sabbath Guest," comprising an excellent collection of anthems, choruses, &c., by L. O. Emeric and J. H. Morey. Price per copy in boards \$1.60.

CHARLES DICKENS' WILL. The published will of Charles Dickens, after making a distribution of his estate in the usual legal form, closes with the following genial expression of feeling and detection of sham and parade so characteristic of the man:

"I emphatically direct that I be buried in an inexpensive coffin, and in the simple style of my private funeral, without any public announcement to the mere fact of my place of my burial, that at the utmost not more than three plain mourning coaches be employed, and that those who attend my funeral wear no scarf, cloak, black bow, long hat-band or other such revolting absurdities."

England: "I enclose a copy of my will, without any reference to the date of my death, and I desire that it be published in the *Times* and *Guardian*."

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DAMAGE BY LIGHTNING. The thunder storms of the past two weeks have been unusually destructive to property. In addition to the instances mentioned in other columns, we learn from the Oxford *Democrat* that the house of Horatio Bigelow of Stow, was struck by lightning on the morning of the 21st inst., riddling the building as if a bomb had exploded in it. None of the inmates, five in number, were seriously injured.

A correspondent of the *Waterville Journal* writes that during a heavy shower which passed over South Paris Wednesday evening, the lightning struck the barn of Deacon Joel Thayer, who resides about a mile from Paris Hill, entirely consuming it with its contents. The fire could not be stayed before reaching the house, which was also burned. Deacon Thayer's were very valuable farm buildings. Amount of insurance unknown. The Journal also learns that the barn of Green Norcross, of Livermore, was struck by lightning, Wednesday about 4 o'clock, and burned, together with some twelve or fifteen tons of hay and grain. Loss about \$1200. Insured for \$200. His house was saved only by great exertions of those who were present; and had it not been for kind neighbors Mr. Norcross must have lost everything. While this fire was being subdued, a fire was seen in the direction of Wayne, which proved to be another barn, burnt in East Livermore, belonging to Mr. John Hammond. This was also struck by lightning. Mr. Hammond lost a horse which he had put into the barn a few minutes before. Mr. Hammond's loss is not known.

MEMORIAL BUILDING. The *Waterville Mail* writes that the State of Maine has commenced their new balling, corner of Church and Grove streets. The building will be of stone with field brick trimmings—plan given by F. W. Sillaway, Architect, Boston. When completed it will be a ornament to the town. (The tablet will bear the names of all in town who fell by disease or battle in the war of the Rebellion), and a credit to the Trustees who have its erection in charge. The entrance to the hall will be from Church street. The basement on Grove street will be for business purposes. The building will be 45 by 65 feet, with porches in front projecting six feet, and rising above the main structure. The roof is to be covered with slate. All that is expected to be accomplished this year is to get it covered in.

EP Accompanying the following note from our mutual friend Mansur, who has been pleasantly spending the heated term to Mr. Dewart, but Yankee like, not without a sharp eye to business, we have to acknowledge the receipt of some nice odds, captives of his hook and line, at that delightful

EP The operations at the Kennebec Dam are going forward with most gratifying results. From three to four hundred men are employed day and night in the work of reconstruction. Already the foundations of the stone bulkhead on the western shore of the river are completed, and the large dimension blocks for the water gates are being rapidly put in place. The workmanship is of the most thorough and substantial character. The timbering and ballasting of the Dam is rapidly progressing, and no doubt every thing will be made secure in season, for the usual fall freshets in the river. The protracted summer drought has been particularly favorable for the prosecution of the work, and its continuance a few weeks longer is all that will be required to place the Sprague enterprise beyond all ordinary contingencies of danger, and give the business of Augusta a new and encouraging impetus.

The public, anxious to see and hear the last of the vexed problem of reconstruction, are dissatisfied with the action of Congress, and if at their next session they do not speedily admit Georgia to representation and make an end to their interference, they may expect dissatisfaction to become indigation.

EP The Democratic State Convention, which adjourned over from Portland, was held in Bangor on Tuesday last. The attendance was large and the proceedings harmonious. Hon. E. F. Villaby of this city, presided. Gen. Chas. W. Roberts was put in nomination for Governor, receiving all but two out of 678 v. e. s. Resolutions were adopted denouncing the present administration of the national and State Governments, as guilty of extravagance and corruption, and the establishment of a military despotism; favoring free trade, and adequate legislation for the protection of our shipping interests, and condemning the prohibitory liquor law, and the acts of the last Legislature abolishing the school district system. An anti-Chinese resolution was also adopted, and one of confidence in the nominees for Governor. Gen. Roberts made a speech accepting the nomination. In the evening a grand ratification meeting, was held in Norridgewock Hall, which was addressed by C. P. Kimball, Esq. of Portland, Hon. E. W. Parker of Newcastle, Col. A. W. Bradbury of Portland, and Abraham Sanborn, Esq. of Bangor.

THE WAR NEWS. Heavy fighting occurred on Saturday last, before the fortresses of Metz, and although the reports of the result are contradictory, success being claimed by both sides, there can be little doubt that the Prussians were victorious. According to Napoléon's dispatch, the French were again taken by surprise. The fighting appears to have been between the Prussian's advance and the French rear guard, while the latter were retreating across the Moselle. Another battle is reported to have occurred between Metz and Verdun, in which a French dispatch claims the Prussians were defeated with a loss of 40,000 men. Verdun is about forty miles west of Metz on the direct railroad route to Paris.

EP The news of the Prussian victories has caused general rejoicing among the Germans throughout the West. At New Albany and Fort Wayne, Indiana, Dubuque, Iowa, Cincinnati and Dayton, Ohio, Rock Island, Milwaukee and Chicago, canoes were fired, mass meetings held, and the greatest hilarity prevalent. The National Aid Society of Chicago has issued a call to subscribe German societies throughout the country to send delegates to a national convention at Chicago, Aug. 18th. The money collected is to be distributed. It is proposed to raise \$250,000 for the relief of sick and wounded Prussian soldiers.

EP The Camp-meeting at Windsor will commence on Monday, Aug. 22.

The Defenseless Pope.

The neutrality of concentrating all his forces against Prussia had compelled Louis Napoleon to withdraw from Rome the troops that have for many years been the sole stay of the temporal power of the Pope. That he will now again send forces to Rome for that purpose is not likely. For the Pope, to trust to defense by the inhabitants of his states would be putting himself in the hands of his enemies. The people that expelled him from Rome, declared his temporal power at an end, and established the Roman Republic in 1849, will not be anxious to defend his throne against the Italian brethren in 1870. Only by foreign buyers can the Pope retain his sovereignty over any part of Italy. No foreign government appears to be now in condition to assist him, and the guarantee which the King of Italy is said to have offered is not likely to be enforced against the clamorous desires of the Italian people for a united Italy with its capital in the ancient city of Rome.

The same year that witnessed the promulgation of the infallibility of the Pope in things spiritual, saw also the final destruction of his temporal power, it would certainly be a remarkable coincidence; but the loss of temporal power does not necessarily compromise his position and authority as the spiritual head of the church. Should he acquiesce in the inevitable tendency toward the separation of church and state, he might receive from his followers a retribution but one step short of deposition. But he will not do this.

Although the hot undivided sininity and devoutness of his temporal power, as far as it goes, is to be deplored, it is to be deplored that he has, and will continue to be, in all these outlets, a valid receipt for money remitted by him.

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# THE MAINE FARMER: AN

## Poetry.

### THE TOAST.

The toast is over! Now beginning was  
In kindly cup no need to shine  
Before each eager guest  
To taste the wine of health's full, full  
As deep as when the herald's call  
Tunneled in the royal breast.

Then up rose the noble host  
And smiling cried: "A toast to health!"  
To which the guests replied,  
Here, before all I pledge the name  
Of friends a round and unanimous cheer—  
The health.

Then to his last such gallant sprig,  
And then was the shout that rang  
As Stanley gave the word!  
And every heart beat high,  
And every hand and gladness cry,  
Till Stanley's voice was heard.

"Enough, enough," he smiling said,  
And loyally beat his hand.  
Now each in turn must play his part,  
And pledge the health of his host,  
Like gallant men of true.

Then up rose one as each sprang up  
In honor of the hospitable cup,  
And named the loved one's name;  
And each, as with a smile of pride,  
The host of health and happiness.

Her constancy and fame.

Then up rose Sir. Lewin's turn to rise;  
On his cap and these countenances eyes—  
Marked by some adored by all,  
Fascinated in lady's bower and bairn,  
The bower of love.

He Leon and his bairn the eyes high,  
"I drink to you," he said.  
"Whose image here is most dear,  
Doubtless the most graceful heart,  
Whose love you count so high."

To one whose love for me shall last  
When lighter passions long have passed,  
To one who loves me with a heart  
More deeply fixed, more keenly fit,  
Than any person by your side.

Each heart beat at the word,  
With fiery flashing eyes  
Spoke words of love, the same,  
The most of the most precious name,  
Whose love you count so high."

Sir. Leon passed, as he would,  
Not break his name in cache mood  
Thus lighted to her heart,  
Thus loyally beat his head at though  
To give that word the reverence due,  
And gaily said, "My Mortmain."

## Our Story-Teller.

### Kenneth.

There was fortunately a mirror over the chimney-piece; so, while Kenneth spoke, he could enforce his words by all kinds of expressive and appropriate pantomime, or make them more forcible by his gestures and figure, while the glass gave back.

Standing six-feet-two, broad and well built, a handsome Saxon face crowned with thick light curly, under which his blue eyes shone keen and steady, it was a face and figure no man would blench to meet. As Kenneth gazed on the man, he thought that, if Kenneth Goring ought to have felt some shame in meeting it with the look of scorn and contempt which it bore him.

"And what on earth is your reason for wanting me to meet mother?" he said, throwing an open letter upon the table, and turning busily to a bright, slender lady, who was busily sorting papers at her desk.

"You know my reason, Kenneth," she answered, without stopping her employment, "just as well as I know myself. I shall not repeat them."

"By the powers, you are hot and proud about it!" said Kenneth.

"Hot and proud, do you say?" retorted his mother.

"Indeed I do," was the reply. "Why don't you take me quietly?"

"Speak to me quietly, and I will listen with pleasure, Kenneth."

"The more noise," said he, "what are your reasons for wishing me to go? There, that was quiet, I'm sure."

"Another time has asked you twenty times, Kenneth, and it seems so unkempt and unreasonable to go on refusing as you do—too proud even to dignify why."

"Oh never mind that," said Kenneth; "I'll bear the blame of uncomplimented honest, you know."

"Not very nicely, I think, in the mouth that moustache, and never can be nearer, that's a blessing. Of course she is her mother over again—girls always are."

"Boys are not," said Miss Goring, with a twinkle in her eye.

"With such as they, I suppose," said Kenneth, with a light little laugh, "for then I would be anxious to see them."

"I shall not answer the letter until to-morrow," said his mother, quietly. "Bring your answer home from school."

"I have given it to you a hundred times, mother," he exclaimed. "What an obstinate little lady you are!"

As Kenneth left the room, Mrs. Goring's face took its usual happy expression, and she put the letter that had caused their argument in her desk, uttering to herself with a smile, "I will surely buy with these drivers, for when he's a fat, strong, burly boy as they eagerly crowded into the close, dusty, third-class carriages."

"I've put your portmanteau into the van, sir, and the gun and fishing-basket," said the groom. "The rest will be ready with you in a few moments, I suppose."

The smoking compartment is empty, sir, and the train doesn't stop until it reaches Linton junction."

"Very right," said Kenneth. "You may go."

The groom looked back, astonished to see his master still standing at that end of the station. Fearful of his displeasure, he yet turned back to say hurriedly, "Train just about to start, sir."

"I know," said Kenneth, leaning on his rod.

And Kenneth, leaning on his rod, still stood—the blue eyes very now—for they had caught sight of a young woman, lame and sickly, hurrying towards the train, and towards the farmers' men, who were still laughing and talking inside the open doors, and who had turned up their noses at her, giving themselves a roar. A poor, lame, sickly girl, hurrying on as fast as her lameness would allow her, went before her, and opened a second-class carriage. She drew back timidly, showing him the ticket in her hand. He had turned and moved to another.

"All right," said Kenneth, heard him say; "plenty of room in here. Move up."

But the men, inside, to whom these last two words were addressed, shuffled together, and declared there was no room at all, while she shrank back to the porter's side, and the porter, in the carriage, had drawn down his own coat, and could fit it distinctly now—leaped forward, and said, in a tone far more reverent than the rude ones had been. "Let her come in; she's my pretty Jane. We want her to amuse us."

"Get in, Jane," said the porter, hurriedly.

And Kenneth, leaning on his rod, still stood—the blue eyes very now—when they had caught sight of a young woman, lame and sickly, hurrying towards the train, and towards the farmers' men, who were still laughing and talking inside the open doors, and who had turned up their noses at her, giving themselves a roar. A poor, lame, sickly girl, hurrying on as fast as her lameness would allow her, went before her, and opened a second-class carriage. She drew back timidly, showing him the ticket in her hand. He had turned and moved to another.

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And Kenneth, leaning on his rod, still stood—the blue eyes very now—when they had caught sight of a young woman, lame and sickly, hurrying towards the train, and towards the farmers' men, who were still laughing and talking inside the open doors, and who had turned up their noses at her, giving themselves a roar. A poor, lame, sickly girl, hurrying on as fast as her lameness would allow her, went before her, and opened a second-class carriage. She drew back timidly, showing him the ticket in her hand. He had turned and moved to another.

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